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T. W. B. HINCK

Hinch, Thos. W.

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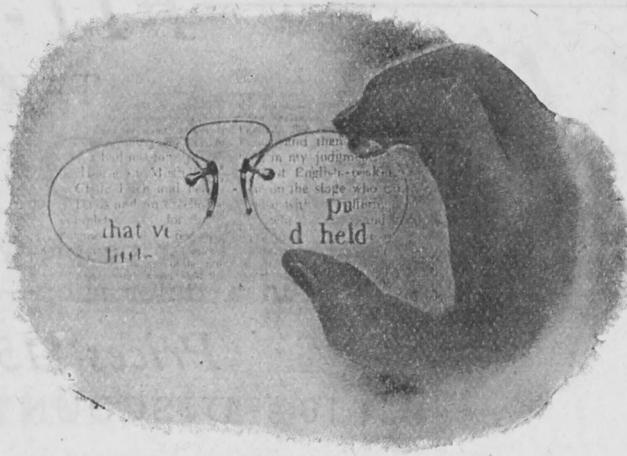
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THE MANITOBA

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Vol. I.

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No. 8

THE FAITH THAT IS IN US

By Prof. Chester B. Martin, M.A. (U.N.B.), M.A. (Oxon.)

Frederick the Great assigned to the state an obligation "to educate the rising generation to independent thinking and self-devoted love of country." An examination of competitive essays from Western Canadian schools on "Why Is Canada at War?"—more than 1,200 essays were submitted—suggests the enquiry how far the principles which lie behind British guns and British battleships are being built into the life of the nation. It would be presumption to express an opinion too categorically upon this evidence. Many a healthy son of Thor has seen "Germany with a chip on her shoulder," and has seen little else for the battle-smoke; many, on the other hand, have sought to discern "a fight for democracy" against "Germany's military spirit and Germany's doctrine." There is promise in the Canadian West when the child of foreign-born parents suggests that the foreign-born "appreciate more highly even than the British" the blessings of democratic government. At any rate there could be no more fitting hour for a self-examination of the faith that is in us.

It may be suggested at once that if this war is to be considered won and lost when the last gun is fired, then is our teaching vain. It seems safe to say that in one sense at least we shall be fighting Germany for a generation to come—fighting not the German people but a system of "state" which embodies not only the vices but the accumulated virtues of nearly four centuries of political wisdom in Europe. It implies no thraldom to the spell of Frederick the Great or of Bismarck to say this, or to see in modern Germany the results of patient and discerning application of an age-long system, brought to the highest efficiency in all history: the heritage of "enlightened absolutism" in Europe since the fifteenth century. The absolutism is the absolutism of Machiavelli; the enlightenment is the enlightenment of Treitschke.

"It will ever remain Machiavelli's glory," says Treitschke, "that he set the state upon its own feet . . . and also, above all, that he declared clearly for the first time: 'The state is power.' " It would be possible to adduce parallel after parallel upon this theme, not only between Machiavelli and Bernhardi's *Germany and the Next War*, but between Machiavelli and Bernhardi's teacher, Treitschke himself, the "great national historian" of Germany. "We must distinguish," says Treitschke, "between public and private morality," and there is Machiavelli's "reason of state." "To maintain itself," says Treitschke of the state, "that is abso-

lutely moral." Weakness is "of all political sins the most reprehensible, the most contemptible; it is in politics the sin against the Holy Ghost." "Legal obligations must in the last resort be subject to the state's own judgement." Translated into action, a treaty becomes to the Imperial Chancellor a "scrap of paper." "A prince," says Machiavelli, "cannot or ought not to keep his pact when the keeping of it is to his prejudice and the causes for which he promised removed." And what of German "frightfulness"? "A prince," says Machiavelli, "is to render himself awful in such sort that if he gains not his subjects' love he may eschew their hatred." All this, in Machiavelli's mind is based not upon diabolical ingenuity for evil but upon the very nature of such a state; rather upon "the essential verity than the idealization of the thing."

Since the state is supreme power, says Bernhardi, "might is at once the supreme right, and . . . war gives a biologically just decision, since its decisions rest upon the very nature of things." "A prince, then," says Machiavelli, "is to have no other design nor thought nor study but war and the acts and disciplines of it." Has there ever been before this generation such an example of "the armed nation" of Machiavelli's *Art of War*? Witness the coincidence between Machiavelli's contempt for the *condottieri* who brought ruin upon Italy, and a certain recent estimate of British "mercenaries"—"the contemptible little army." "It is honourable," says Machiavelli, "to seem mild and merciful and courteous and religious and sincere, and indeed to be so, provided your mind be so rectified and prepared that you can act quite contrary upon occasion." And though Frederick the Great was the author of Anti-Machiavel, would not the Italian, as Carlyle suggested, have pardoned the act to the conqueror of Silesia? All this is not to beg the question nor to brand Prussian policy as Machiavellian, as that term is generally misapplied; but rather to suggest that if Treitschke's theory of the Prussian state be accepted, the wisdom of war, the right of renouncing treaties, the use of "frightfulness" as a policy, all follow as corollaries (as Machiavelli says) in the "essential verity . . . of the thing"; and it may be that the Prussian "state" policy (as distinct from local and municipal government) may be said to embody the wisdom of "enlightened absolutism" from Machiavelli to Bismarck and Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg.

It must not be lost to sight, however, that Machiavelli outlined only the beginning of the system

—a system not of the individual but of the state, and therefore, in his view, unmoral rather than immoral. In practice the slow moralization of the system was inevitable. It was not found to *pay*, for ambassadors to plot against a sovereign's life or for armies to poison wells. Thus Treitschke sees in modern Germany the absolutism of Machiavelli rectified by an enduring and lofty national purpose. Machiavelli was sound in his analysis of state and power; but "this power itself," says Treitschke, "has for him no content." Machiavelli tells his "prince" how power is attained; he does not tell him how it is to be used. Herein lies the spell of Prussian imperialism: Treitschke's absolutism is enlightened, it is terribly efficient, and one may assume that all unnecessary conflict with standards of private morality—Machiavelli's "terrible nakedness and hardness"—has been dispensed with. "The power acquired must justify itself"; and that justification is to be found in the welding of scattered German states into a world power "filled with high aspirations in her nationality, her intellectual development, in her science, industries and trade." All this, it must be repeated, centres in the "enlightened absolutism" of the sovereign. "The mobilization of public opinion" is a phase of that absolutism. The universities are under imperial control; the press, to use Bismarck's phrase, is the "ink-beast" of the autocrat. "We are not," says Bülow, "a political people." As a people, the Germans lack the "art of doing the right thing politically, by a sure creative instinct." "No people is so little qualified," insists Bernhardi, "to direct its own destinies, whether in a parliamentarian or republican constitution. . . . This conviction . . . is forced on us by a study of German history." "According to our constitution," says Treitschke categorically, "the monarch alone is vested with the power of the state," and "the essence of the state consists in this, that it can suffer no higher power above itself."

One must go back in British history nearly three centuries to find a king or a statesman bold enough or autocratic enough to claim an irresponsible prerogative over the state. "That which concerns the mystery of the king's power," said James I. in 1616, "is not lawful to be disputed." Not since the Stuarts has a British monarch forbidden the House of Commons to "presume henceforth to meddle with anything concerning our government or deep matters of state" or to "usurp upon our prerogative royal and meddle with things far above your reach." The foundations, as every schoolboy knows, of our development, were laid nearly four centuries before the Stuarts came to the throne and two centuries and a half before Machiavelli was born. *Magna Carta*, as Maitland finely says, determined once for all that the king is and forever shall be under law. That contention was verified never more tragically than during the revolution against the Stuarts. Royal prerogative, as Coke the great lawyer expressed it, was not outside nor above but inside the law; and though it cost the head of one king and the throne of another, that trenchant declaration still stands in our history. The amplification of that idea has been almost the story of British development from that day to this: the vindication of equitable law over irresponsible prerogative whether of kings or of classes or of masses or of nations.

It would be idle to assume that this struggle has

been uniformly successful or that it is not still going on. It has cost much in blood and treasure and it has taken forms without number. The royal prerogative "of suspending of laws, or the execution of laws" ceased at the Bill of Rights; the irresponsible prerogative of the crown over the judges was removed in 1700, by the Act of Settlement; the prerogative of the Privy Council to override the parliament of Ireland was overthrown in Grattan's Parliament in 1782; prerogative in religion has been modified by the Toleration Act, by the disestablishment of the Irish church, by Roman Catholic emancipation; the prerogative claimed by Great Britain to tax and govern thirteen distant colonies led to the Revolutionary War; when the fundamental problem at the root of that great issue arose again on Canadian soil, a solution—this time a more peaceful one—was found by true British methods in the system of Responsible Government. The prerogative necessarily exercised over the crown colonies is even now giving way where it can safely be withdrawn. One finds the same great problem of prerogative slowly emerging in the dominions with regard to the foreign policy of the British Empire. All this is perhaps another way of saying that we are moving towards *justice*—not the justice of an "enlightened absolutism," but the fundamental justice in "the essential verity of the thing" which proceeds naturally from the very principles of liberty and democracy, in the deepest meaning of that much-abused word. In such a democracy, the sense of justice, the law-abiding spirit of the people, finds as inevitable an expression in the state as the irresponsibility of an emperor, the right of renouncing inconvenient treaties, the use of "frightfulness" as a policy, find inevitable expression—if the occasion demands it—in Treitschke's theory of the Prussian state. And if the details of this war—the violation of the "scrap of paper," the ruthless subjugation of Belgium, the use of submarines to sink defenceless ships, crews and passengers, the bombardment of defenceless towns by Zeppelins and cruisers—indicate phases of the Prussian theory of power as "the be-all and the end-all of a state" whose "highest moral duty," as Treitschke says, is at all costs "to safeguard its power," then these acts must mean very much more to us than the oppression of the weak and the shedding of innocent blood. The exponent of "enlightened absolutism" may extenuate or excuse; the man who in his soul believes in democracy must stand aghast at one of the most appalling moral cataclysms in European history. To herself, a victorious Germany of Treitschke's thinking would justify herself; to other nations, even to "enlightened absolutisms," Treitschke's Germany would be a perpetual menace; to nations that have been cradled and nurtured in the spirit of democracy, Treitschke's Prussian "state," whether victorious or vanquished, is a mad dog.

Now the editor will be jogging my elbow, and the only suggestions that can be added must be few and fragmentary. The incompatibility of Treitschke's state with its "essential verities," and democracy with its "essential verities," seems to be fundamental. This war is a conflict between what is best in our history and what the Prussian schoolmaster of Germany insists is the best in theirs. It is said that Gladstone could never be induced, even in Morley's intimate friendship, so

much as to discuss Machiavelli. But one must try to be just. Our own foreign policy has been at times cynical, unscrupulous and tortuous; if this is true, we believe that it has been so not because of democracy but in spite of it. We believe that the hope of the world lies not in "the prerogative of German culture"—Bernhardi's own phrase—but in the spread of *justice* among men and among the nations; and justice demands the spread of truth. To pervert history even to prove our own cause is as immoral as the prostration of history by the Prussian school before the Prussian state. To paraphrase Treitschke himself, "he who is not man enough to look this truth in the face ought to keep his hands off history." Courage less than this must lead in the long run to that disenthronement which, as Ramsay Muir has finely said, "inevitably comes to all who work at history to prove a cause, or to serve a cause, or for any reason other than the love of truth."

Two other fragmentary suggestions may be made. What is our hope for the future of Germany? This, it must be emphasized, is the war of Imperial Germany; of "the monarch," as Treitschke says, who "alone . . . according to our constitution . . . is vested with the power of the state." That the German people are fighting in a body with magnificent enthusiasm is undoubted: the "ink-beasts" of Prussian Junkerdom and the machinery of intellectual Germany, dominated by the same ruthless force, have done their work. It was Bismarck who "mobilized public opinion" into an "orchestra which obeys only the baton of government." But in a single sentence Bernhardi himself has blundered into a profound truth which contains within itself, it seems to me, a suggestion of volcanic possibilities. "Success," he says, "was the foundation on which Bismarck built up the mighty fabric of the German Empire." Bismarck's subtlety and adroitness in justifying the Danish, the Austrian and the Franco-Prussian wars to the people of Germany by the dazzling spell of uniform success, requires no elaboration here. What if Germany fails, as she must fail, in this war? Will the German people, cradled in the same surly independence and primitive democratic aptitudes which Tacitus ascribes to them in common with our own Anglo-Saxon ancestors, accept forever the dictum of the Prussian Junker that they are incapable as a people of "doing the right thing politically"?

And finally, what of our own future? Is it too much to say that the Prussian state at its best represents the highest phase of "enlightened absolutism" known to history? Even so, the faith that is in us replies that the system as such has now run its course from worst to best, and must pass away; while democracy is only in the first stage of its development. In the "essential verities of the thing," the truly democratic state must reflect the intellectual and moral progress of the individuals who comprise it; and with progress, the wider rule of law and justice among the nations is as inevitable as the assimilation of discordant and conflicting elements in a single democratic state. We believe that already our foreign policy is becoming truly democratized; Sir Edward Grey's diplomacy is the verdict of the British cabinet, and will stand, in the next election, at the bar of public opinion. And above all, we believe that Great Britain in this war is fighting for a purpose which is the more significant to us at this hour

because it was an American who so popularly expressed it: that "government of the people for the people and by the people shall not perish from the earth."

AT LAST!

Prospects for a University Athletic Association have never been brighter, and next year we may hope to see the cumbersome system of many intercollegiate associations give way to the one in vogue in all progressive universities—that of a central body controlling the various sports of the University. J. Harry Sibbald is the representative of Athletics on the newly-formed University Students' Council, and he will shortly call a meeting of the heads of the several departments of sport for the purpose of electing next year's University Athletic Association.

WHO'S WHO AT THE UNIVERSITY

Miss Blanche Megaffin, President of the Y.W.C.A.



The Y.W.C.A. is the only complete girls' organization in the University, and as such requires a leader of broad sympathies and marked executive ability. Such a person the past year has shown Blanche Megaffin to be. Her pleasant personality has won many friends both for herself and for the Y.W., and has gone far to dispel the idea sometimes held that Y.W. meetings are tedious procedures suitable only for those qualifying as "theologues' helpmeets."

Born in Virden, where she received her preparatory education, Miss Megaffin entered college holding a Matriculation Scholarship, and in her First and Second years won similar awards. She has always been prominent in College activities, and this year under her leadership the Y.W. work has had even greater success than in the past. There are three Mission Study, nine Bible Study and two Social Service classes, with a total enrollment of eighty-five per cent. of the girls; and this, added to the personal work done by our president in training leaders for succeeding years, will have far-reaching results.

M.B.McM.

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EDITORIAL



A report of the Committee of the University Council on Examination Systems is at hand. We are pleased to see it. Much dissatisfaction has arisen from the December examination system, which has resulted in a disproportionate suspension of lectures and involved a large expenditure in printing and examining papers. The committee has submitted four tentative plans, which may be obtained in printed form at the Registrar's office.

Examinations up for Discussion

Let us consider, for example, Plan No. 1. This secures attendance at lectures by allotting 50 per cent. of the marks to class examinations held at intervals during the term; does away with the December finals; places the remaining 50 per cent. on a series of finals in April, the papers being reduced in number and length, and provides for more emphasis being laid on the December class tests (these papers to be sent to the Registrar), and for the awarding of scholarships on the April examinations only.

The apportioning of term marks in the various courses presents some difficulties. The plan followed for some time by the Physics Department, which assigned 50 per cent. of the total marks to practical work and 50 per cent. to a final examination in theory, could be readily extended to the other Science departments in the senior years wherever it is not at present followed. The difficulty with the junior years in Physics, Geology and Biology can never be satisfactorily overcome till we have adequate laboratory accommodation for practical work in those courses. Then, too, with the large classes in these years, term examinations are next to impossible in the present Physics and Chemistry theatres and the other lecture halls in the Main Building. The Applied Sciences, such as Engineering and Architecture, of course duly emphasize the practical side of college work. It is already customary for Medical professors in charge of classes to hold "quizzes" and report on the efficiency of the students, and these with the hours spent in the laboratory, secure a

very large apportionment of marks to the work carried on during the term.

The term work system could well be extended to such subjects as History, Philosophy, Political Economy and English, where essays are written, many authors read, and term tests particularly applicable. Undoubtedly the languages would also be benefited. An hour test on each of five German texts, for instance, would be more thorough than one three-hour paper on the combined work. Perhaps the greatest change would be in the Mathematics course; experiment alone could show whether for the better or worse. We are of the opinion, however, that any change which will encourage the student to keep his reading up-to-date and necessitate a comprehensive understanding of the subject in hand, as opposed to a mere parrot-like memorizing and the consequent "plugging," would improve the curriculum and develop a stronger type of student.

With the reduction in the number of papers, where possible, the students would be in hearty accord; against the reduction in length we vigorously protest. Fewer papers could be obtained both by applying term work instead of a final, in some cases, and by combining papers. Three hours is none too long to do one's self justice, and particularly where two courses are written on one paper. The present hour and a half papers are mere speed tests which prevent all possibility of recovery from a few minutes wasted or lost.

The problem is a very great one. Of the four plans the first, judiciously administered, would appear the best; and, if the student were required to obtain a pass mark both on term work and examinations, we believe would give satisfaction all around. The University invites discussion and suggestions regarding the matter, and *The Manitoban* makes these few remarks in order to bring the subject to your attention.



We have been receiving the following Exchanges and take this opportunity to express our appreciation of them and extend our congratulations to the various journal staffs on their valuable and excellent publications:

The Argosy, *Almafilion*, *Blue and Gold*, *Brandon College Quill*, *The Sheaf*, *McGill Daily*, *University Argonaut*, *McMaster Monthly*, *King's College Record*, *St. John's College Magazine*, *Vox Wesleyana* and *The M.A.C. Gazette*.



NOTICE

The statement appeared in the sixth issue that *The Manitoban* staff was responsible to the University Students' Council. So far this is not the case, but *The Manitoban* would welcome any suggestions from the students on the matter.



Don't Try This on the Manitoban

Young Reporter—The storm king hurled his torn and tumbling torrents over the ruins of the broken and dismembered edifice.

Old Editor—What's that? What do you mean, young fellow?

Young Reporter—I—er—the flood washed away Pat McCann's cowshed.

—Ex.

THE FRIEND OF HEN

Popular heroes are generally divided into two classes. There is the exceedingly good-looking, bright, witty and magnetic one with whom girls immediately fall in love; and there is the rugged, serious one—a combination of granite and marble—who is at first despised, but by tremendous efforts, forces his way to the top. It may be noted, that neither of these two are fat—indeed, they would not be heroes if they were.

But Mr. W. J. Buckle is an exception. Mr. W. J. Buckle is fat—fair and fat. In fact, no one looking at him could have told that the times were hard.

At present our hero was seated at the table indulging in his favorite pastime of reducing whole potatoes to molecules. He was an extremely good *reducer* generally, but now, the sport had lost its vim. For the second time in his eighteen years of life he was enduring the joys and pains of love thoughts. It was at the local Y.M.C.A. table that he was sitting when our story opens. A student in his Sophomore year, he had found it very convenient to board and room there, as his home was in a small country town a good distance away. He liked the refined air of the place, its deep chairs, its little odds and ends of comfort. There he could exercise, read or think comfortably.

Now he wanted to think, and he rose and seated himself in front of the window staring with much melancholy at the sidewalk. How pretty she was! . . . And yet when he came to think of it, he could not remember any particular point about her, except that her hair was dark and she wore a red coat. Strange, wasn't it; and yet not so strange as he had only seen her twice, and, even then, imperfectly. . . . But he certainly liked her red coat. Wasn't the red a pretty color? . . . He was going to wear a red necktie after this. . . . It was strange how these thoughts depressed him, and yet he liked them. . . . But could he ever dare to aspire to her? He was fat and she was so charming. Oh, curses! Why wasn't he thinner? Really he wasn't so bad-looking after all if he only were thinner. At this he was about to rise and examine his features carefully in the glass, when a hand clapped him on the back and a familiar voice cried, "Why, what is it? What thoughts do you think, William James?"

"Oh, it's you, Hen," he said. "Oh, nothing."

"Come now, none of that stuff. I've been watching you for the last ten minutes, and you've almost bored a hole through the sidewalk—concrete and all."

"Oh, well, I've got to tell it to some one, and I may as well tell my best friend. Hen, I'm in love."

"What!!," cried Hen aghast, "is it as bad as all that? William James, I'm ashamed of you—giving way to your feelings in that way. Restrain yourself."

"Come, don't joke. I want you to get me an introduction."

"Who is she?"

"I'll point her out to you. She's a Freshie."

"I suppose she's fair and girlish and wears a beautiful smile —"

"— And a red coat," put in William James, in a tender voice.

"Oh, it's the red coat that struck your fancy," laughed his friend. "Come on, tell us all about it."

"You see, it's this way, Hen," he said, and launched into a long narrative of how he felt when he saw her the first time, how the second time, how he had been thinking about her for a whole week, and had to tell someone now, how, etc., and so forth . . ."

"So," remarked Hen at the conclusion, "same old story. She came, you saw, love conquered. It's not the first time either, William James."

"This time really counts."

"Yes, you said that the last time. Remember how distracted you were about Sarah? What fairy pictures you built up? Remember the shock it was to you when you learnt that she was no fairy, but tucked in three squares every day?"

"The trouble with you is that you're too imaginative. You go on building all kinds of pictures. Here you are, not even knowing the girl, and I suppose you've imagined her in a hundred horrible situations waiting for you to rescue her. You dash into the flames, or river—pull her out—she smiles sweetly—and you quit at this point and switch to another horrible situation. You're forgetting yourself. You, a fat man, a hero. Never, Buck, never."

"But, I tell you I had no sense then —"

"— And none now, either. I tell you, Buck, that *the week*, which you simply wasted in day-dreaming, is responsible. Wake up. You can't go into the business of love with a capital of two glances at a red coat. You must fall in love with something permanent if you want it to last. When your illusions are over, your love—which, by the way, is a frightful misuse of the term, but call it love—will be over. But, I suppose, the only way to pull you through is to bring it home. I'll let you know when I can get her to meet you. Good-night."

"Good-night," he answered, abstractedly. Once more he was boring a hole through the sidewalk.

It was exactly forty-six hours later that Henry Waters approached his friend, W. J. Buckle, in Room Z, Main Building. "Buckle," he said, "come."

"Where?"

"I want you to meet a friend of mine."

A delicate flush spread over W. J. Buckle's features. His heart climbed into first speed and he felt a little nervous. But he shook his shoulders bravely, composed his features and followed. The next words he heard were, "Miss Cassandra Christine, will you meet my friend, Mr. William James Buckle," and then a surprised cry of "Billie! Why, what are you —. Why, Billie, I never expected to meet you here."

He gazed at her in disappointed surprise. "Hello, Sarah," he said, half dejectedly.

"Well, Buck," began Hen, after they had taken their leave.

"Don't, Hen," implored Buck. "I'm not feeling well. I'll see you again, later. I've got a lot of work to catch up from last week."

H. SOKOLOFSKI, '17.

The socks I got from thee, dear heart,
Are made indeed for churls—not me;
Though the seams look good, they rip apart—
My hosiery! My hosiery!

—Ex.

EXAMINITIS

To be forewarned is to be forearmed, and it is very opportune to warn the readers of our columns against a disease to which we have given study.

Examinitis is one of the most dreaded diseases of College life. It occurs as an epidemic during December and April and relapses frequently occur in September. The ravages of this disease thin the College ranks to an alarming degree, and students have for years sought in vain for a cure or antidote by which it might be overcome or rendered harmless. It is not too much to say that 90 per cent. of the sufferings of College life are directly traceable to this scourge—students are attacked again and again, Arts students being particularly liable to it.

The author has known students to be delayed years in receiving their degrees because of the ravages of this disease, and, indeed, many have been entirely lost to professional life because of a fatal attack. One curious aspect is that it attacked weak and strong alike, and athletes appear to be particularly susceptible and frequently suffer terribly.

The attacks last for varying periods of from one to three weeks in the acute stage, and are preceded by a period of debilitating apprehension of impending catastrophe. The student becomes thin and pale, has frequent headaches, does not sleep well, is morbid and feverish, his appetite suffers, he takes no interest in things which at other times absorb all his time and attention. In fact, one of the worst features of this disease is that when the crisis comes the patient is so ill-prepared to meet it. Many complications arise, among which may be mentioned Resolutionosis Bonus, not a bad disease in itself, but certainly of no help to the sufferer, who already has his powers overtaxed to keep his balance on the right side of the fatal line. Also Pauperitis frequently occurs and serves to weaken the patient's resources still further. This is a very touching disease in itself and frequently develops into the "sweater" habit. The patient is an object to be avoided by his friends.

The severity of the attack could be lessened if the attendants in the sick room (who are usually professors) did not show such utter apathy to the student's sufferings. In fact they are frequently charged with having been in no small degree responsible for the severity of the attack and some have been held directly responsible for fatal cases.

One thing which makes this disease so hard to treat is the many different forms its attacks take from year to year, and many attempts, fortunate or otherwise, are made to forecast these in order to be prepared to meet them.

Many cures have been tried, but, so far, none can be called specific, and the disease must be allowed to run its course, the most promising treatment being to prepare the patient for its ravages during the months which elapse between attacks. Some have tried the substitution cure, but with little success; of this there are two varieties,—to substitute a patient well prepared for it or to substitute another form of sickness.

Some medical authorities recommend injections or infusions of caffeine citrate and this treatment is frequently resorted to; other patients prefer spiritus fermenti.

One curious feature of this disease is the way in

which it shows how little we have advanced from the superstitions ages. Very many of the sufferers may be found carrying "Lucky" articles about with them. In fact, not one student in 100 would refuse to admit that "Luck" plays a considerable part in Examinitis. The charms carried are many and varied, some are simple coins (very few and very simple), some wear celluloid cuffs, watches with false faces cunningly inscribed, small books, and one favorite charm is to carry in the pockets slips of paper or cards on which "lucky" messages have been closely and extensively written.

T. H. W.

THE ENGINEER

(With Apologies to Kipling.)

(By Robert T. Gebler, in the Engineering News.)

You can rave about yer blooming Tommy Atkins on parade,
And yer lady-like Lieutenants on the Mall;
You can talk about yer gunboats, yer rifles and yer camps,
And yer heroes in the rain of leaden ball;
But the bloke I doffs me hat to
Didn't fight the sly Mulatto,
But he was in the battle just the same—
He's the bloke that planned the bridges,
Built yer roads across the ridges,
To let Tommy Atkins march into the game.

With 'is transit or 'is level he would walk to beat the devil—
The devil of a Kaffir, sir, I mean;
But the bloke who writes the stories, never hands 'im any glory,
And they never throws 'im on the movie screen.
Out there 'e is planning,
And a river he is spanning,
As 'e gets the place in order for the fair;
But the 'eathen start a shoutin',
They've forgotten all about 'im,
And the history won't say that 'e was there!

Yer millionaires cut capers, get their pictures in the papers,
And the public then begins a blooming 'owl,
'Bout the aqueducts 'on highways, the railroads
and the by-ways;
An' big jobs like the Panama Canal.
But as I've often read it—
The bloke who gets the credit
Is not the dusty khaki'd engineer;
But the guys wot 'ave the shillin's,
Get in first on all the killin's,
Of the lad who turned the trick we never 'ear.

So I think when I am ridin' down to Dover, or a-glidin'
In a taxi 'cross the bridge in Lunnon town,
Of the lads who built the town, sir, and the sewers
under ground, sir,
The sea wall and Suez and did 'em brown,
But they never sings 'is praises, sir,
In the papers nowadays, sir;
'E never gets the credit that's 'is due;
But the fellers with the money,
Wouldn't get the praise and honey,
If the engineers weren't there to pull 'em through.

OWED TO THE TARDY OF '17

Once in the winter's whiteness, when the snow lay thick and soft,
And the air was crisp and biting, and the sky was pale aloft,
An wonder was enacted, of which I now shall tell,
But first on its importance, a little I shall dwell.

Greater than Rome's proud Empire, honored more than Crete,
Nay, even Hannibal's greatness, cannot with it compete,
Charlemayne and King Alfred, Napoleon, and Caesar, too,
Will lose their exalted positions, and this will fill them anew.

In the midst of the world's great crisis, it came as a shock to all,
For with such a momentous happening, some evil will surely befall,
The gods turned 'round on their couches, as if at some awful crime,—
For Childerhose and Smith, had arrived at the College on time.

R.

LES DIX COMMANDEMENTS DU PETIT ECOLIER

1. Tous vos devoirs vous remplirez Devant Dieu consciencieusement.
2. Au maître vous obéirez Comme à Dieu pareillement.
3. De vos parents respecterez Tout avis, tout commandement.
4. Toutes vos leçons apprendrez A la lettre parfaitement.
5. En classe travaillerez Avec zèle diligemment.
6. De coeur à l'église prierez Et non de lèvres seulement.
7. A table vous éviterez Le sans-gène et l'empressement.
8. Bon exemple vous donnerez A vos frères à tout moment.
9. Avec autrui vous agirez En chrétien charitablement.
10. Hypocrites, point ne serez Ni paresseux aucunement.

ZEPHIRIN.

WHAT OTHER COLLEGES ARE DOING

Cambridge, too, is infused with martial spirit, and only 50 per cent. of the usual number of students are in residence. The colleges with high reputations for athletics head the list of percentages of alumni at the front. Pembroke has 71 per cent. of its men in the army, and we are reminded that Sir John French claims Trinity College, Cambridge, as his *Alma Mater*. A serious feature is the great decrease in medical students, in spite of the advice of the general medical council that students in medicine should continue their studies and complete their qualifications as early as possible. A serious shortage of medical practitioners a few years hence is to be feared. The Officers' Training Corps has been carrying out a full programme

this term. The infantry cadets spend three hours a day in drill, musketry practice, route-marching and exercises, as well as attending lectures on military subjects. The corps is carrying out its proper function in the training of officers by making each man in turn command his company.—*The Argosy*.

RELIGION

"And one more thing must go. The religion of barbarism must go. The world is weary of it. It has withstood the religion of peace on earth already too long."—Prof. F. H. Giddings, Columbia University.

Questions Minus Answers

If it takes a fly with a broken leg three minutes to skate around a bald head without any bump on it, how long would it take a man with boxing gloves to resurrect a fly from the bottom of a pint can of jam?—*M.B.C. Gazette*.

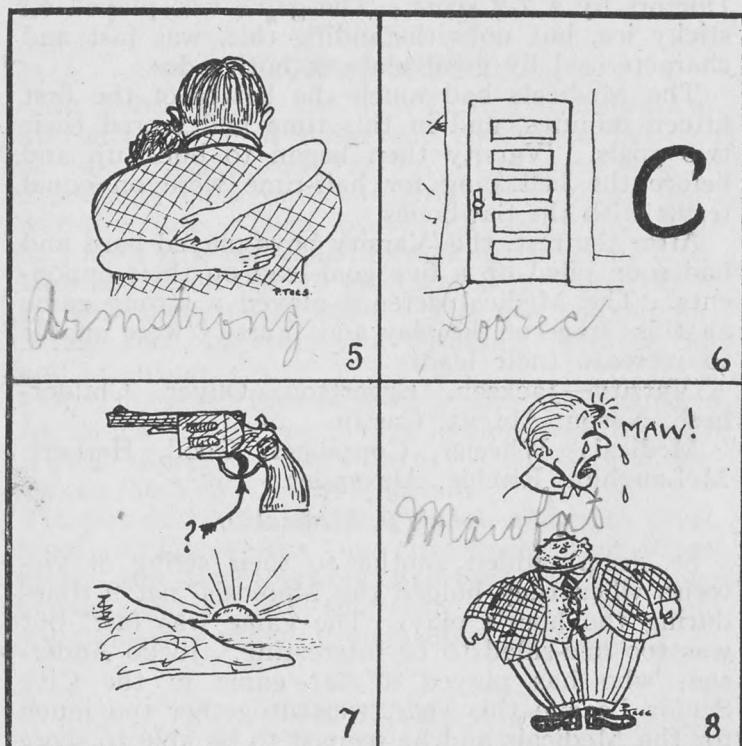
Socrates had remarkable philosophy in bearing the ills of an unfortunate alliance. Xantippe having scolded him without evident effect threw upon him a pail of water. All he did was to exclaim, "I thought that after so much thunder we would be apt to have some rain."

He who blows his own horn never leads the band, being a soloist.—*Deseret News*.

THE MANITOBOAN'S PUZZLE CORNER

Conducted by P. C. TEES, '14

This is the second set of a series of 20 disguised names of professors.



The lady or gentleman turning in the neatest correct solution to "The Puzzle Editor" will be rewarded by the University with a nice ring. This will be presented at 10 a.m. on Thursday, April the 1st.

Anyone present at such a time will be allowed to hear this ring.



HOCKEY

	Pld.	W.	L.	Pts.
St. John's	4	4	0	8
'Varsity	3	3	0	6
Medicals	5	2	3	4
Law	2	1	1	2
Engineers	3	0	3	0
Wesley	3	0	3	0

St. John's 9, Medicals 0.

Only one week's play remains in the hockey season as scheduled, but on account of the great number of postponed games, the three teams who will play off for the championship are not yet decided. The Medicals are the only seven who have finished their games, while Law, with three games yet to play, are the worst offenders in the matter of delayed games. St. John's with one more game, and 'Varsity with two, will be in the play-off, but the result of the remaining matches will decide the third contestant for the championship honors.

'Varsity 7, Medicals 2.

The 'Varsity boys kept on the heels of the leading St. Johnians, by turning the trick on the Doctors by a 7-2 score. The game was played on sticky ice, but notwithstanding this, was fast and characterized by good play on both sides.

The Medicals had much the better of the first fifteen minutes, and in this time had scored their two goals. 'Varsity then began to buck up and before the bell rang for half-time were on equal terms with the Sawbones.

After the rest, the 'Varsity boys played hard and had soon piled up a five goal lead on their opponents. The Medical defence played a strong game at this stage of the play and 'Varsity were unable to increase their lead.

'Varsity—Jackson, Eggertson, Oliver, Childerhose, Nason, Abbott, Cassin.

Medicals—Wheeler, Coppinger, Good, Herbert, McLaughlin, Ritchie, Alexander.

St. John's 9, Medicals 0.

St. John's added another to their string of victories when they bulged the Medicals' net 9 times during the hour's play. The game was fast, but was too one-sided to be interesting. Jocko Anderson, who has played a star game in the City Senior League this year, was altogether too much for the Medicals and he seemed to be able to score at will. Although badly defeated, the Meds. never gave up and were fighting bravely when time was called.

The regular teams lined up on both sides.

Schools 3, Agricultural, 2.

The School team continued their winning streak

and incidentally tightened their hold on the junior championship when they disposed of the farmer boys by a 3-2 score. As the score indicates, the game was fast and close.

BASKETBALL

The Basketball series, like the hockey, has been running along in a hit-and-miss style, and in consequence there are many postponed games. Basketball is no worse than any other sport in this respect, but the great number of postponed games in all kinds of sport this year is enough to make one groan and hope that the newly-organized University Athletic Association will take some steps to discourage the all-too-frequent postponements.

CURLING

Intercollegiate curling has had to take a back seat during the last two weeks, in order to make way for the 27th Annual Bonspiel. Three Medical and three 'Varsity rinks very bravely entered the arena of the curling ring, but all began to think so seriously of coming lectures that they allowed themselves to be knocked out of the different competitions shortly(?) before the jewellery was reached.

Three series of games yet remain to be played in the Intercollegiate competition—Law vs. 'Varsity, Medicals vs. Agricultural, and Agricultural vs. 'Varsity. Law are now in the lead, but a defeat would mean a tie-up and probably a three-cornered tie.



WESLEY COLLEGE BANQUET

The annual dinner, the twenty-sixth in the history of Wesley College, was held on Feb. 12 at the Royal Alexandra hotel. Some 200 guests—students, grads. and friends—after a short reception in the Gold Room retired to the banquet hall and there enjoyed the full realization of a great anticipation.

Dr. Stewart, the acting Principal, occupied the chair. The usual line of toasts, in the hands of entertaining speakers, lost any of the dryness sometimes associated with them. Especially enjoyable were Dr. Bland's kindly reminiscences and H. D. Rann's appreciation of the faculty. The toasts, with the names of those who spoke to them, were as follows:

King and Country—Rev. Dr. Stewart.

Alma Mater—A. W. Keeton and F. B. Ball, B.A.

Faculty—H. D. Ranns and Rev. Dr. Bland.

Graduates—Rev. Dr. Irwin and A. E. Whitehouse.

Ladies—P. Webster and Miss Vera Hull.

Musical numbers by three popular artists—Miss Quast, Mr. Habbeshaw and Mr. Heaton—were highly appreciated.

Perhaps the attractiveness of the menu booklet, perhaps the quality of the music, but more probably the vengeance taken upon that ancient enemy, Turkey, accounted for the enthusiasm of all. In any case, the lowliest pondered yet again o'er the secret joys of the maxim "Eat, drink and be merry"—his "full-souled" comment on the whole was "exquisite."

E.S.



THE COLLEGE GIRL

UNDERGRADUATE WOMEN'S ASSOCIATION

The semi-monthly meeting of the Society was held on Thursday afternoon, February 18th, in the Wesley College Library. The '18 girls upon this occasion entertained the Sophs, Juniors and Seniors. The most important item of business brought up was the question of adopting a new "point" system in electing the officers for the coming year. This new method was carefully explained by the Lady Stick, Miss S. M. Thomas, and met with the approval of the girls. The great advantage of the new system is that no one girl is unduly burdened with a number of offices, but every girl is given a chance to benefit by the experience of at least a minor office.

In addition to a most ingenious programme of carefully arranged contests, the Freshettes served some dainty refreshments at the close.

A solo by Miss Christine Cornelius was very much appreciated.

Miss Muriel Anderson has been absent from classes for some time, with scarlet fever. The girls are all glad to know that she is recovering and hope to see her back at College soon.

'16 SNOWSHOE TRAMP

Saturday, Feb. 6th, the Third Year girls visited Selkirk on their first snowshoe tramp. Getting off the car at "Old England," the jolly '16's, in spite of much delay in posing for snapshots, strapping snowshoes, etc., reached Selkirk to enjoy a delightful supper at the home of Miss Gladys Pettingill.

VOCATIONAL TEA

The hearts of the girls from Third and Fourth Year were made glad upon receiving invitations for another of the "Vocational Teas," which are so popular.

This time, Miss Craig kindly threw open her home to the members of the University Women's Club, in order that they might meet their future members. After dainty refreshments had been served, the girls were privileged to hear Miss Goldy, of the Robertson Memorial Institute, tell of her work among the foreign children in the north end of our city.

In concluding her interesting talk, Miss Goldy mentioned the need for trained workers in this field and pointed out the prospects of College girls choosing some such work as their future vocation.

Y. W. C. A.

Activities in Y.W. work are still various and interesting. That time is fleeting fast is forcefully brought to our notice when we hear of such things as nominating committees. Yet, perhaps even before this issue is to hand, the committee in charge will have performed its arduous task of selecting

those who will pilot the future work of our Association. Perhaps even the smoke and excitement of elections will be in the "unretraceable past."

At the Wednesday morning prayer circle special attention is being given to the approaching "Day of Universal Prayer," that it may have great and lasting power.

The regular Y.W. meeting held on Friday, Feb. 12, being the annual "Conference Meeting," was in charge of the various delegates who were in attendance at either of the summer conferences.

The president, Miss Blanche Megaffin, introduced conferences in general, setting before the girls in a concise manner the purpose of such conferences, and in a few definite, clear-cut phrases, gave her impressions of the Regina Conference, which she had attended. Helen Rattray, taking the three heads, "The People—The Purpose—The Message," dealt somewhat more specifically with events of the same conference.

Bright, interesting and helpful were the reports from the two delegates to Elgin House, Muskoka. Marjorie Somerset spoke on the general advantages of the conference, giving personal impressions derived from such splendid leaders as one inevitably associates with at these gatherings. In order that those unacquainted with conferences might not gain the idea that they were stiff and unsociable, Marjorie Horner gave an interesting account of the "play times," which always have such an important place in conference gatherings.

It is the aim of the Association to send at least two delegates to Elgin House this summer. And Regina, being so central for many of the homes of the girls, it is expected we will have a large number of representatives there.

While "Valentine" refreshments were disappearing, pictures taken at the conferences were passed and a genial, social time spent.

"OUR SPORTS."

On Feb. 9th, in the Y.W.C.A. gymnasium, an interesting game of Basketball took place between St. John's Tech. and 'Varsity. The game was an exceedingly close one, our girls being ahead until near the close. Then, by several clever shots, the St. John's girls succeeded in making the game a tie. After the game the '16 girls served refreshments in the University Girls' room. The team would like to take this opportunity of thanking them for this kind attention.

On Thursday, February 11th, the final game of the series took place. This game was between Central Collegiate and 'Varsity College, and was held in the Y.W.C.A. gymnasium.

It was to be the deciding game, and with great hopes and high spirits "our girls" faced their adversaries. But alas! their opponents proved the stronger team, and the cup, this year, passes to the Central Collegiate girls. Congratulations, Central!

HOCKEY

The first game of the Intercollegiate Hockey takes place on Monday, Feb. 22nd, we wish the hockey team all good success in their league and in Monday's game.

Second thoughts may be best, but they are generally too late for the band wagon.

THE STRANGE VISITOR

The darkness had fallen and the cloisters of the monastery had assumed an aspect of almost sepulchral gloom. The few monks whose monastic duties prevented them from retiring to their cells, lighted their way by means of small tapers, which shed a feeble light, but little better than that of glowworms. The chapel was not entirely in darkness, for candles were burning before the altar and the picture of the virgin was illuminated by that same soft flickering light.

A solemn silence pervaded the place; so still indeed that the flapping of the owls' wings as they flitted to and fro among the niches in the masonry, and the distant footfall of the monks as they walked along the stone paved corridors, could be distinctly heard. The whole atmosphere of the monastery was that of gloom. Hidden away amid the fastnesses of the mountains, and overshadowed by towering peaks, whereon the foot of man had seldom trod, it became the refuge of weary souls and for those aesthetic minds to whom the rush and toil of the workday world was less inviting than the quiet and solitude of this remote retreat. Thus removed from the busy centres of population and so difficult of access, it is not a matter of surprise that there were few visitors, and those who did come were either travelling priests or some dignitaries of their order on some periodical official visit, and of whose arrival they had received timely notice.

On the night of our story, the worthy brother, to whom had been entrusted the charge of the gate, was startled to hear a voice calling to him from the gateway and applying in almost pleading tones for admission. "Who without a guide could have ventured thus far? What business so important and so secret brought a visitor to their gates unannounced in this fashion? What sorrow be lurking in the bosom of the applicant to cause the plaintive tone in the request for admission?" These and other questions immediately arose in the mind of the monk as he rose to unfasten the gate.

When the stranger had been admitted, the monk observed that he had been travelling for some time, for his clothes were soiled with the dust of the journey and he leaned heavily upon his staff. It was not a handsome face that the monk gazed upon; the features were hard and rugged; upon the forehead were lines of anxiety and care, and the eyes which peered beneath the shaggy brows seemed full of sadness. There was no trace of cruelty in that weather-beaten face; the storm of the years, though it had battered the features, had not soured them for they seemed to wear an expression of great compassion, and human sympathy.

After a few moments of awkward silence the monk enquired his name and business, which, however, the stranger did not choose to disclose. "I am," said he, "a stranger, who, for the present desire nothing beyond food and rest, for I am hungry and weary." "Afterwards I seek an interview with the prior." The porter hurried away to announce the stranger's arrival to the sub-prior, who, although astounded at the news, since such an occurrence was unprecedented, never-

theless hastened to greet the traveller and to offer him the hospitality of the brethren. He assured him that he would inform the prior of his arrival and acquaint him of his request for an interview.

Meanwhile the news had caused quite a considerable amount of excitement in the cells of the monks, and there were many whispered conversations as to his identity. "It is the papal secretary bearing some secret orders to the prior from the Vatican," suggested one; another thought that it was, perchance, some tired aristocrat who sought admission to their order, whilst a third entertained the suspicion that the stranger must be a criminal, who had sought this remote corner in the mountains as a sanctuary and hidding place from the wrath of avenging justice.

Meanwhile the object of their discussion had been conducted to the monastery dining hall, where refreshments had been prepared. He presented a strange appearance as he sat alone in that large hall where all was silent, save for the occasional rattling of the casement windows, and the sound of the wind as it swept down the valley. The flickering flame of the candles cast his sombre shadow upon the wall and seemed to lend additional weirdness to the already strange figure.

The night was now somewhat advanced, vespers had been sung some hours ago and most of the brethren had retired for the night. Only the sub-prior and the worthy brother who had relieved the gate porter, were out of their own apartments, and the sub-prior was just waiting until he could conduct the visitor to his superior before he too retired, being wearied with the toils of the day, for the cares of the institution fell mainly on his shoulders.

The prior's astonishment was no less than that of his subordinate when he heard the news, but, nevertheless, he had consented to the interview and was now waiting the pleasure of the mysterious stranger. "His reverence waits for you," announced the monk to the traveller, who by this time had finished his repast. "I will go to him at once," said he. The monk conducted him to the door of the prior's apartment and after bidding him good-night left him there.

The stranger knocked at the door, which was opened by the prior, and after bidding him enter, closed again. What took place behind that closed door no man knows. The night watchman who had heard the prior bid the stranger enter, swore that he heard nothing else, and that although he kept vigilant watch, saw nothing of unusual moment.

When the morning broke there was consternation in the monastery. The candles, which had been burning before the altar, had gone out, and the picture of the virgin had fallen from its place. Something dreadful must have happened. It was time for Matins and the prior had not yet put in an appearance. After waiting impatiently for some little while, the sub-prior began to grow anxious concerning his superior and, finally, went to his door and called to enquire if aught were amiss. There was no response. Added to this anxiety was the fact, that the stranger of the previous night was nowhere to be found though the porter

steadfastly affirmed that he had not passed out through the gate. Since the prior did not answer, they decided after a short consultation, to burst open the door, a task easier attempted than accomplished, for it was stoutly built. It finally yielded to their joint efforts and burst open with a suddenness which sent them sprawling headlong into the room in such an undignified fashion that some began to laugh.

Their laughter was soon arrested, for the sight that met their gaze was one to cause more tears than laughter. There lay the prior with his hands folded across his breast, his eyes closed, and his face as calm as if he had been asleep. There was no mark of violence upon his person, nor any sign of disorder in the room, and as they looked upon the prostrate form they seemed to see the faintest expression of a smile upon the silent features. Their beloved father had passed into the "greater beyond." But where was the stranger? No one knew; he had gone more mysteriously than he had come.

Sadly and reverently they prepared the body for its last long resting-place and since no traces of his last visitor could be found, the belief began to grow that it must have been the angel of death in human guise. At first it was but a mere suggestion, but it finally became their settled belief and only explanation. They, accordingly, recorded in the calendar of the institution, an account of this strange event, and observed its anniversary with due solemnity.

No stranger since that day has ever sought admission, a circumstance which is pointed out by the brethren as a proof of the ethereal nature of that mysterious visitor which came so many years ago.

DR. JOHN R. MOTT AT MCGILL

The entire University co-operated to make Dr. John R. Mott's visit to McGill a success. All student functions were withdrawn during the four days of his visit. Military drill was suspended on the two days when it might have interfered, and students and faculty combined to make the best of the opportunity afforded by Dr. Mott's presence. The visit was under the auspices of the Christian Association, but on the committee in charge of arrangements practically every organization in the University was represented. It was estimated that over 80 per cent. of the students were present to hear Dr. Mott's first address. It was a manly, straightforward talk, showing that, as in physical nature, atrophy and death come as the results of disuse, so in things moral and spiritual a man who has ceased to search and struggle inevitably dies. He was followed throughout with the closest attention.

The next evening Dr. Mott faced an audience of approximately 1,100 men students, and held their close attention in an address lasting nearly an hour and a half. He spoke on the temptations of student life, and out of his wonderful experience with tempted men he told how to live a victorious life.

The third night the hall was again crowded with men to hear his lecture on Europe. He has just returned from a visit which has taken him to the universities of Germany, France and England—a visit which gave him unique opportunities of see-

ing the inside life of the warring nations. He made us feel the human side of this awful conflict. The confidence, the unity, the deeply religious spirit, the heroism and self-sacrifice of all the people in the nations involved; the life of the men in hospitals, prisons and trenches; the human brotherliness with which foes are being treated in all these countries; the kindness that shows another side we are prone to forget in tales of atrocities; the great weight of anxiety and grief that holds sway in the homes of Europe—all these were brought home to us in a memorable address. Fifty per cent. of the students of Europe are at the front. It speaks well for the manhood of the Christian Associations in European Universities that 60 per cent. of their membership is at the front and 90 per cent. of their officers. Dr. Mott is hopeful for the future. The great international brotherhoods are so many piers, as he described them, on which there may be quickly built the bridge which will once again unite nation with nation, and will do away with the period of revenge that has followed most great wars.

The address to the Faculty at an exceedingly well-attended luncheon in the Union, was a masterly presentation of the influence of the universities in national and international life, and a summons to the men in whose hands rests the future of the nation to work for the promotion of Christian ideals in the colleges. Dr. Mott described the work of the World's Student Christian Federation, of which he is the head, showing the place of this important organization in the entire world today.

One of the most interesting features of Dr. Mott's visit was his generous willingness to give personal interviews. More than four hours every day were spent in informal talks with students who wished to meet him. So many wanted to avail themselves of this opportunity that it was necessary to have one of the students arrange interviews and appointments in advance.

A number of graduates were brought back for the occasion, so that Dr. Mott's visit was a kind of anniversary celebration of the Christian Association of McGill. Men were present from Halifax and Vancouver and many intermediate places, mostly men now engaged in university and college teaching or in the work of the ministry. Those of us who were present have returned with a deepened sense of the greatness of the work in which we are engaged and of the challenge to strenuous Christianity of the time in which we live.

T. H. B.

DEBATING

'VARSITY vs. BRANDON

The debate with Brandon College is becoming one of the established features of our College calendar, and on Friday, Feb. 12, Miss Mildred McMurray, '17, and Mr. R. K. Finlayson, 15, journeyed up to the Wheat City to persuade the students and citizens that our Canadian Government should grant no more aid to railways. Messrs. Victor Coen and Oliver U. Chapman championed the negative of the resolution for Brandon. The debate was well handled on both sides, but the upholders of the negative proved their superiority, both in the opinion of the "horrible judges" and the audience generally.

The town hall, where the debate was held, was filled to overflowing. President Whidden, in the chair, presented a very fine musical and literary programme. After the debate an exceedingly enjoyable reception was given in Clark hall by the faculty and students. The genuine and enthusiastic welcome which has been accorded our debaters, both this year and last, by the students of Brandon, must ensure an increasing friendship between the two colleges.

BRANDON vs. 'VARSITY

On Friday evening, Feb. 19, Mr. Rathwell and Mr. Fisher from Brandon College upheld the affirmative in the controversy as to whether or not government ownership of natural monopolies and public utilities is in the best interests of Canada. The negative was taken by two of 'Varsity's strongest debaters—Stuart Schultz and Jack Gibben.

Mr. Rathwell spoke first for the affirmative and treated the economic side of the question. He pointed out the facts that government ownership would eliminate waste of duplication in transportation and communication facilities, would conserve natural resources for the benefit of all, and that by government ownership only could we hope for that co-ordination necessary to the complete economic development of our Dominion.

Mr. Schultz then spoke for the negative, bringing forward the arguments that the government could not secure enough capital to carry on the work successfully; that they would have to pay more than the property would be worth; and that it would result in mismanagement and inefficiency.

Mr. Fisher of the affirmative was the next speaker. He dealt with the social and political phase of the question, noting the greater efficiency and wider powers of government-owned utilities; the fact that government ownership would eliminate secret and partial rates; would result in increased safety of life as shown by statistics; in better treatment of workers, and in a great improvement of conditions throughout the Dominion. "The government must own the railroads or the railroads will own the government."

Mr. Gibben, speaking for the negative, said that the plans brought forward by his opponents might be practicable in an ideal state, but we were dealing with a state far from ideal. Government ownership of public utilities, Mr. Gibben thought, would tremendously increase the power of the government in office, and the government has now, he thought, control of quite as much as it is able efficiently to handle.

The judges after a brief delay sent in a unanimous decision in favor of the affirmative.

After the debate the Brandon visitors, together with the executives of the college, betook themselves to the dining room, where a dainty repast had been provided by the girls of the V.W.A.

THE CONFESSIONAL

"Hullo, old man! How are you?" "Oh, I'm not too bad, thanks. I've been feeling a bit queer lately though. You know you remarked the other day I seemed to be off food; well, I can't sleep either; I can't settle down to work and I never get any prep. done. I can't think what's going to

happen. Anything on my mind? Nothing unusual, at least, nothing of any consequence—I mean to an outsider. But wait a second, old man! I wouldn't tell everyone about it, but I ought to take someone into my confidence, and I guess you'd be about the best fellow I know."

"Yes, all right, I'm coming to it now. The other day when I —. You know that affair that took place three weeks ago Friday? Are you acquainted with —? Well, if you must know, it is a girl! I met the young lady the other day, at least, I've met her quite a lot the last few days, and it's strange, the more I think about her, the nicer I think she is. Yes! you know her all right, at least you're acquainted with her, but really she's the kind of girl you can't help but like.

"No! I've never had anything to do with girls before—at least since I came into College; but, as I was saying, the more I see her the more I want to. Good looking? I tell you right here, that I don't know a better looking girl in the city. You know there are girls you can be just pals with, but she's one you can love. Pardon? Oh, sure! At least, I think she does, anyway I know the other night, when we were out rather late, she said she wouldn't trust herself out at that time of the day with any other fellow. Yes, I'm sure of it, although she hasn't said so in as many words. If she didn't, she wouldn't look at a fellow the way she does, especially when she wants me to do anything for her. It's intoxicating, to put it mildly. It makes me feel that I should like something to happen where I could show her how brave I am, where I could dare fire or water for her sake. Oh, it's wonderful inspiration to a fellow; it makes him buckle-to and —. Pardon? I said what just now?"

"There's the phone. Excuse me a moment, perhaps it's her."

“AMORE VICTUS.”

“Unless a man amounts to a good deal, he should not say he has done his best.”—Ed. Howe.—*Brandon College Quill*.

NOTICE

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C. V. McARTHUR,
Circulation Manager.

Around the Campus

THE
MANITOBA



COMING EVENTS

Thursday, Feb. 25—4.00 p.m., Y.W.C.A. meeting in University Women's Room at Y.W.C.A.
8.00 p.m., Manitoba College Oratorical Contest, Convocation Hall.

Friday, Feb. 26—8.00 p.m., International Debate, at St. Stephen's Church. Subject, "The Monroe Doctrine."
4.30 p.m., Annual Meeting and Election of Officers for Intercollegiate Y.M.C.A., at the Y.M.C.A.

Sunday, Feb. 28—Universal Day of Prayer for Students.
10.00 a.m., Students' Prayer Meeting at Y.M.C.A.
11.00 a.m., University Sermon by Rev. Canon Murray.

Friday, March 5—4.00 p.m., V.W.A. meeting at Manitoba Convocation Hall.
8.00 p.m.—Final Intercollegiate Debate, 'Varsity vs. Agriculture, at Manitoba College.

'VARSITY NOTES

Second Year Lit.

The drama lovers of 'Varsity College had a real treat on Friday, Feb. 12, when the Second Year presented Mr. H. Crawford's original play, "The Mighty Dollar." It proved a thriller from start to finish.

Many of the members of the '17 class were sorry that they also were not in the class play—in fact the whole year was much grieved at being in the audience.

J. H. Crawford (poet, playwright, actor)—Curtain call at the Second act—"Above all, I thank you for still being here."

Prof. Jolliffe has confessed that Fowler's keys are much superior to Kelly's brigade, but the only sad thing about them is that they are translations of Lucius Charon instead of the Aeneid.

Sophs., kindly notice that the habit of "Please see me after the class" and "What is your name, Sir?" is beginning to be quite pronounced in the Botany lectures.

The '15 Snowshoe Tramp

'Twas on a Tuesday afternoon
Right early in the year,
Mel. Sayer said, "We must have soon
A snowshoe tramp beneath the moon,
Each with his lady dear."

"So let it be!" the seniors cried;
And the next Monday night,
Unto the College hall they hied,
Where each with every other vied
To give the yell with might.

Then to the car they sallied out,
All paired off, two by two,
A joyful, happy-hearted rout;
At Kildonan Park they tumbled out
And put on the snowshoe.

At length they reached the kindly door
Of Isabel McB.,
And spread themselves upon the floor
With other dainty three or four
Who took the car, tee-hee!

When they the inner man had fed,
And told the moving tale,
They did bethink themselves of bed
And bade good-bye—it must be said
Some noise this did entail.

This night will aye remembered be
By all who did take part.
Each will look back, and dreaming, see
"That night she walked so close to
me,"
With throbbing of the heart.

Feb. 12, 1915.

K. D. BRUCE.

'18 Jokelets

We wonder if Miss Broad still thinks of that delightful sleep she had in Virgil's period before "Josh" came back.

No one can figure out where Turk Robinson gets his green car tickets. Perhaps it's from one of those Kelvin Queens.

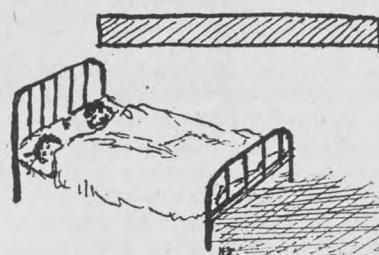
Since Section A have managed to get Thursday afternoon off, we've seen Cohen, Zimmerman and Barron up in the "nigger-heaven" at the Orpheum.

How gallant those '17s are! Did you notice how many went for supper after *The Bankrupt* to the Fort Garry (cafeteria)?

If the Faculty runs short of lectures we strongly recommend Mr. Maybank.

Query: Does Doc. Wilson get paid for lecturing overtime?

Effie Wagg gets peeved occasionally at Sec. E up in the "play room."



LITTLE BROTHER: Why do you keep your watch under the pillow?

E. JOHNSON: OH, -That is so I can sleep over time.

Walker suggests that we pass around the hat and donate the proceeds to the Moler Barber College for the removal of the "first down" of Dill, Mott and Winslow.

Prof. Menner—Just what were the "Humanities?"

Ross Ken'y—The leaders of a religious sect near Florence.

Somebody asks:

If Fisher washed, would 'E. B. White?
If Gunn fired at Bell and hit (Miss Turn)bull's-eye, would Zimring or would Professor Gane? No, but Willo Wood.

Mere Man!!!

It was in fourth year Browning class. Discussion was waxing warm over the question of the culpability of Andrea del Sarto in submitting to the evil influence of his wife:

Joe P-rk-n—But Lucrezia deceived

Andrea, showing him the beautiful side of her character.

Dr. Cr-w-frd—Exactly! He allowed her to deceive him.

Joe—Yes! but they all do!!

MANITOBA COLLEGE

On Feb. 9 Mr. Crowe, Chairman of the College Board, entertained the members of the Board and the Theological students at the Fort Garry. Rev. Drs. Herridge and Ramsay, who were here inspecting the College, were also present and passed on words of advice and encouragement to the students.

Instead of the usual Homiletics class last Tuesday morning, Rev. W. T. Broadfoot, one of our missionaries from South China, spoke to us about his work among the Chinese. Mr. Broadfoot graduated from 'Toba some years ago. It is interesting to know that no little share of the work of the church abroad is carried on by men who received their training at 'Toba. Revs. Duncan MacRae and J. G. S. Bompas are among the latest graduates who have gone out to the foreign field.

The topics to be discussed at the oratory contest are all of an interesting and up-to-date nature, and it is hoped that all students of the "U" not otherwise engaged will reserve the evening.

The tenderest sympathies of the student body are extended to Mr. "Bob" Young, '15, who recently lost his sister by death.

Rev. Hugh Robertson, convenor of Home Missions in the presbytery of Winnipeg, was here a few days ago "signing up" men for summer supply work. The sheets show that our men will be scattered throughout the whole of the Northwest. Quite a few are looking longingly towards British Columbia.

The intermediate Church History class continues to do good work under its new professor, Dr. Horne. Mr. S. fills the role of lecturer with great credit. We are surely living in an age much in advance of our times when professors are self-appointed from the student body. However, we would assure Dr. H. that we are not getting much Church History.

A student in 'Toba has been making exhaustive studies in the interesting subject of reincarnation of the soul. In an interview with him he told me confidentially that he had made psychological studies of all students and profes-

sors at College. He had collected a body of facts that would astound the world. At present he is arranging the results of his enquiries and will publish them shortly in book form. I stood amazed when he told me that he could prove conclusively that a gentleman, much esteemed in Toba, had passed one life as professor in ancient and modern history at the Court of Nabonidus. I pressed him to tell me who it was, but he gently refused; "Jimmie," he said, "Wait until I have finished my work, and then you will know all that I have discovered through my investigations of years."

ST. JOHN'S NOTES

Old boys of St. John's who are at present in the city training with the second and third contingents were recently entertained by the faculty and students of the College. After supper a short service was held in the chapel, at which His Grace the Archbishop gave a short address to Johnians past and present. The gathering again returned to the dining hall, where a musical programme and a number of short speeches were given during the chats and smokes. An interesting feature was the presentation by Canon Phair on behalf of the faculty of appropriate gifts for the soldier boys.

On Feb. 16 the annual reception to the Lady Students by the Resident Students was held. After an enjoyable time was spent tobogganing the party returned to the College, where refreshments were served followed by a short dance. The inspection of rooms also took place, the ladies being apparently well satisfied with the condition of the same.

At the last meeting of the Literary Society the following resolution was vigorously debated: That the United States should enter the war on the side of the Allies. Messrs. Davenport and Hill supported the resolution, being opposed by Messrs. Boyd and Harding. The affirmative based most of their arguments on grounds of humanity, while the negative contended that the entrance of the United States would tend to make no appreciable difference in the present struggle. When the vote was taken it was found that the affirmative arguments had prevailed. The president, Mr. G. W. Dawson, vacated the chair on this occasion in favor of the Warden.

On Thursday evening of last week several of the old students of St. Chad's, Regina, and Emmanuel College, Saskatoon, at present members of the 28th Battalion, visited the College.

ENGINEERING NOTES

There's a brand new ribbon in the old machine,
But not a wheeze in my darn old bean.

Prof. Schendal—"Are you a good draftsman?"

S.—"Sure am!"

Prof.—"Then kindly close that window."

Sutherland (coming home early in the morning)—"Hic, hello, Central! Give, hic, me log. 6439; hic, I can't find it in the, hic, book."

MEDICAL NOTES

We are all wondering why it is that Bud has such a hankering for the river rink, no matter what weather conditions are. Surely he remembers what befell a

classmate at that particular place last winter.

Said one student to another: "There is that doctor who failed to lecture yesterday. He needn't think he is going to Pullar off today."

The alimentary canal is a project begun by the French and pushed through by Roosevelt.

"Kill 'Em" Dan is now at Teulon leading about sixty dagoes along the flowery paths of knowledge.

Photography is becoming quite a fad in the '18 class. Since Donald has seen Vernon's album he says he wouldn't mind buying a camera, if he could get a good one for a dollar.

Whistler White certainly looks natty in his new uniform. Mix says, "Just wait till they get the 'men's size' uniforms made up."

We understand T. B. Brandon of right spleen fame is now tutoring a class in applied anatomy.

Latest reports from 17, Emily Apartments, state that Archie is up at 5.30 every morning rubbing snow on his chest, using Sandow chest developers and praying for 2 inches more thorax. "At a boy, Archie."

Pat. McN. says it isn't licorice; it's "Pay Roll."

Moose and McRae of '19 mixed it up in the handball room the other day. There was no decision, but popular opinion awarded McRae the match by a shade. Moose insists on a finish match, and Bat. Boyle has challenged the winner for the belt.

We hear that Chin put a piece of wedding cake under his pillow and dreamt—of storks!

Fuzzy has been found not guilty of the charge of blowing up Mercier's bar with Dover's powder.

Poor Bud was afraid they would bawl him out at the ball because he was hit in the eye-ball by the hand-ball.

Tomorrow Grey's Osler is to be tried by Boyle's law for stealing a Hare and Cunning-ham from Dudley Treves.

Hermann Ferrier will be operated on tomorrow by Dr. Fred. McGuinness. Mr. Ferrier leaves a wife and three small children.

Mamie often wondered why
Acids trouble alkali;
Mamie in a manner placid
Fed the cat boracic acid,
Whereupon the cat grew frantic,
Executing many an antic.
"Oh," cried Mamie, overjoyed,
"Pussy is an alkaloid."

Showing the Popularity of Moustaches—

Ira (stroking it)—"How do you like my Kaiser Wilhelm?"

She—"You can kiss me, kid; nothing makes me sick."

WESLEY BRIEFS

At the session of Parliament last Friday evening, several important bills were passed, including the Athletic Clubs Representation Bill and the Deferred Elections (1915) Bill. The last-named bill provides for the postponement of the election of many of the important officers in the College. The elections deferred are to be held at the earliest possible date next fall. The only officers to be appointed this spring are the editor and the business manager of *Vox Wesleyana*, the captain of the track team, and the executive of the Y.M.C.A.

The committee in charge of the arrangements for the annual dinner brought in a full report, which was very satisfactory indeed to the House.

A number of grads. were in the city during the Bonspiel and paid the College a visit. Among them were Stanley Kerr, '11; Graham Tench, '11, of Stockton, Man., and J. F. Palmer, '11.

An important meeting of the Wesley Board of Directors was held last Friday evening in the College library. We are assured that the appointment of the new principal, and also of the additional members of the staff, will be announced at an early date.

A number of men intend to take the course of lectures in military training that will be given under the direction of Major Murray.

We learn with regret that Harry Smith, '17, who was ill before Christmas, has been obliged to return to the hospital, as a result of the after-effects of diphtheria.

The Social and Literary Committee are arranging for a lantern lecture to be given shortly by Dr. Salton.

Gardiner's rink is leading in the Curling competition now being played.

J. Foster (making a speech)—"I believe you got me up here to make a fool of myself."

Voice—"Fools are born, not made."

Y. M. C. A. NOTES

Rev. Canon Murray to give University Sermon

Rev. Canon Murray, Professor of Philosophy at St. John's College, will preach a University Sermon to Winnipeg students at 11 a.m., Sunday, Feb. 28th, at the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium. Rev. Murray is a forceful speaker and is always appreciated by his hearers. The Inter-collegiate Y. M. C. A. Quartette will sing at this service. This Sunday is the Universal Day of Prayer for students. Men and women students will meet together at the Y. M. C. A., at 10 a. m., to intercede for the world-wide program of Christian students.

PHARMACY

An explanation is required from Joe. He has been seen carefully inspecting the ladies' costumes on the second floor in Eaton's on several occasions. It is thought that he is going to try the ring test for night rates (NO_3).

What's Hawksworth this Fairweather Echoes from the Olympia grill room—Music refreshing, we won't go home till the morning.

Allan is very stingy with his timepiece these days.

ST. BONIFACE COLLEGE NOTES

Freshman (in a cheap restaurant)—"I would like a cup of tea, green and black mixed. I don't take milk."

Waiter—"One cup of half and half! Weaned!"

Long—"What is your Alma Mater?"

Gaston—"Well, if you insist, I'll take a cigar."

The "Sleeping Beauty" of the Fourth Year is still in slumber (during lectures)! Perhaps he is hibernating. If he had his paw in his mouth we'd say "He's a bear!"

Ildor made a discovery in the chemical lab. and now firmly asserts that *Carlo n'est pas mort!*

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